

## Letter from Eliza Symonds Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, January 25, 1875, with transcript

Copy of letter from Mrs. Alexander Melville Bell to her son, Alexander Graham Bell  
January 25th, 75 P.O. Box 518 Brantford, Ont., Can. Home, January 25th, 75 (Prof. A.  
Graham Bell, 292 Essex Street, Salom, Mass. U.S.) My dear Aleck,

Uncle and Aunt were here yesterday and prevented me from penning my usual Sunday dispatch. All are well, both in Kildare Place and here but both houses are inconvenienced for want of water. We are obliged to melt snow, and then they have to borrow. The weather is very beautiful but snowy and not very cold. This morning Aunt amused herself by filling wheel-barrows full of snow, and then trundling them to the kitchen door. After dinner Uncle drove her home in the cutter!! and by a note he sent by William, he feels quite proud of the feat. You will be sorry to learn that you are never likely to see poor old Mrs. Mitchell again. She is very ill with low fever, and very weak, having eaten nothing for several days. Are you aware that Mrs. Ottaway has lost her Sister, Mrs. Goode? We heard the news a fortnight ago. Madge wishes to go to Germany, but is at a loss what to do with her half idiot brother, who either cannot or will not exert himself to earn a penny.

I had a letter last week from Marie Eccleston with a Christmas Card. I feel quite ashamed at not having replied to the one I received several months ago, containing her photograph. Her letter is dated from Taubman Terrace, Douglas, which she says is her permanent address. She tells me that she sent a book of Schuman's pieces for the pianoforte, to you in February last, and supposes it must have gone astray. It was directed to Boston. Have you got it, and if so, are you aware that it came from Marie? She says her Father is still a great invalid, needing close attendance night and day, and is failing rapidly. Maggie Parker, she says, has three children, all under five years of age, she has a good deal of sickness in the family, and is quite worn out for want of good servants. Miss Louisa Ross

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(the youngest) is married to a Mr. Trueman, of Nottingham. They were very old friends, also perhaps the fact of his being divorced from his first wife, who is still living, might have been an obstacle. Burrows, she says, desires to be especially remembered to you. I am going to answer Marie's letter tomorrow, and would like to know about the music. Carrie says she is sure you had a book by that composer amongst your Music, when you were home last summer. James Wye is about to sell his place, and for a very moderate sum. I fear it is too far away to tempt Uncle David, but a little paint and a verandah, would render the house very pretty, and the grounds are beautiful.

Mrs. Sam Ballachey has presented her husband with a son, both doing well. The young heir is now two days old, and George who is here now, says he already makes a great noise in the world, and sucks at such a rate! Carrie tells me to remind you of sending back that photograph you ran off with, as the family are really vexed about it, that being the only one they have. I think you should do so without fail; a joke is very well when it is not carried beyond politeness. We had a call yesterday from Miss Jones and Charlie's Maude. Miss J. enquired for you. Uncle is off tomorrow to read in a new place, and I believe has several other engagements before he returns home. He and Papa are to read again at Woodstock soon. We heard again last week from Fluker. In Papa's last letter he told Fluker to let Mary Home do just as she pleased about coming out, and when she pleased, yet Fluker writes as if he considered it almost a matter of life and death to get her here at all hazards. We cannot understand it at all. If it pleases her to come willingly, we will be happy to give her a home, but if not, it is better she should remain where she is. As Fluker says she will beggar herself through her obstinacy, she must just go to the poorhouse, for Papa will not be able to afford a separate maintenance for her.

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I must say good bye. We hope you are taking more care of yourself, and are not drawing on the hours of your necessary rest. There is nothing to prevent your being in robust

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health if you take care. Carrie and George are sitting on the sofa beside the table, and both join me and Papa in our usual loving greetings.

Every your affectionate Mother, Eliza G. Bell